THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 30, 1804.

Life of Charles Pichegru, General in Chief of the Army of the North, in the ſecond and Third Years of the French Republic, and afterwards a Member of the Legiſlative Body.

PICHEGRU was born the 16th of February, 1761, at Arbois, in the department of Jura. He was about five feet eight inches high, of a dark complexion, black eyes, and very full eye-brows. His noſe was rather large, and his mouth wide, but he had good teeth. His forehead was low, but his whole figure was manly, and his countenance expreſſed a gravity and penetrating fineſſe.

Pichegru received a good education, and was originally intended for the church. He was even admitted into the minimas, as a frerè of that order; but the eccleſiaſtical life not ſuiting the activity of his diſpoſition, he made a ſecond election for the choice of arms.

This was, however, long before the revolution, nor did it take place till he had obtained the age of twenty-ſeven. It was in the year 1783 that he made a journey to Straſburgh, and firſt entered into the artillery, the regiment of Metz, then in garriſon in that city.

About the year 1786, he was ſeverely wounded in the right hand at exerciſe; one of his fingers was reverſed, and his hand almoſt divided in two. As this accident was ſuppoſed to have incapacitated him for farther ſervice, the miniſter was applied to for the ordinary penſion aſſigned to artilleriſts; but the ſhort period of his ſervice proving an obſtacle to this deſign, the major of the regiment, by reaſon of his good and regular conduct, and from motives of humanity, propoſed to make him a ſerjeant, the pay of which would be a ſupport to him. His wound, how-

ever, ſhewing a favourable diſpoſition to heal, and his manners partaking more of the ſcholar than of the private ſoldier, he was perſuaded to perſiſt in the career he had adopted by choice. He enjoyed the general eſteem of his comrades, and the friendſhip and countenance of his field officers; ſo that in leſs than three years more he was placed on the ſtaff of his regiment as adjutant, and a little time after had the commiſſion of third lieutenant.

Early in the year 1792 he quitted the artillery to diſcipline a regiment of national guards. After the above battalion, by his rigorous attention, had been rendered in a very ſhort time completely fit for ſervice, his reputation obtained him an appointment on the ſtaff of Cuſtine's army, and it was in this ſituation that he acquired the knowledge of that ſpecies of ſervice which was beſt adapted to develope his military talents.

It was at this epoch that the military ſervice in France bore a ſtriking reſemblance to that of Turkey. The generals in chief, like the grand viziers, were extolled on a victory, but loſt their heads after a defeat. Notwithſtanding this, as the grand ſignior never was at a loſs for a military leader, ſo the French officers puſhed on for promotion, without conſidering the fate of their predeceſſors, and the danger of the precipice up which they were climbing.

The execution of Cuſtine and Houchard opened the way for the rapid promotion of Pichegru, whoſe name was ſcarcely known to the public till Milhaud, the deputy from Cantal, with the army of the Lower Rhine, in 1793, made an eulogy on him to the jacobins. In the ſame year, Pichegru himſelf made a report of the victory of Haguenau to the convention, and ſoon after announced his ſucceſſes near Landau. In 1794, he ſucceeded Jourdan in the command of the army of the north, when he wrote to the jacobins, ſwearing to exterminate tyrants, and to adopt for his laſt words, "*Vive la Republique! Vive la Montagne!*"

The new generals of the republic have not improperly been compared to comets; they dazzled; their movements were out of all rule; they threatened deſtruction, and often as ſuddenly diſappeared.

Pichegru's farther diſpatches to the convention form an uninterrupted nomenclature of ſucceſſes. He took the camp of Cæſar almoſt as ſoon as he was at the head of the army of the north; on which occaſion Barrere, who reported the victory to the convention, made a conſiderable diſplay of his oratory. After ſeveral other advantages gained at the head of his army, he proceeded with rapid ſtrides through the maritime Flanders. Upon the fall of Robeſpierre, his army expreſſed its gratitude to the convention for the vengeance it had excited.

The

The ſignal victory gained by Jourdan at the village of Fleurus over the combined armies, gave riſe to a plan for a winter campaign, which has immortalized the name of Pichegru.

The above battle, ſo hardly fought by the French, was as deciſive of the fate of Flanders, as that of Marengo has ſince proved with reſpect to Italy, for it left no inſurmountable obſtacle on Pichegru's right to the entry of his army in Holland, and on his left all was clear, ſince the attack on Dunkirk by the duke of York had failed; and Oſtend, Bruges, and Ghent, as well as every place to Antwerp on the Scheldt, were quickly in the poſſeſſion of the republicans.

To the credit of Pichegru's talents, it ought to be mentioned in this place, that the campaign of this year would have made a much more brilliant figure if he had been allowed to follow his own judgement; but he received orders from the committee of public ſafety, which were too imperative not to be implicitly obeyed. He had formed the project of paſſing the Scheldt near Oudenard. His deſign was to ſeparate Clairfait from the Engliſh army under the duke of York, and to prevent his retiring to Bruſſels, thereby to fight both commanders ſeparately. After this he propoſed to place himſelf behind the enemy's army then acting on the Sambre, in which caſe he would, in all probability, have deſtroyed it, or put it in a ſtate of impoſſibility to act with the other armies. By theſe meaſures he could not have failed to make a junction with Jourdan.

The project was allowed at the time to be vaſtly well conceived, and has ſince been highly extolled by David, who has written an accurate journal of the campaigns of Pichegru. The general's own plan would undoubtedly have greatly economiſed human blood, and he has been blamed for not endeavouring to convince the committee of its ſuperior advantages: but the writer above-mentioned obſerves, that, on the ſubject of diſobedience of orders, the *ultima ratio* of the then government of France was,—the tribunal revolutionnaire. He, nevertheleſs, ſucceeded in carrying the deſigns of the French government in Holland into full effect, and completing, in a few months only, a conqueſt which Lewis the Fourteenth was a long while attempting in vain.

Now, although Lord Moira with his five thouſand men had, by a ſkilful march from Oſtend to Ghent, ſaved that little army of his own, and contributed to the ſafety of that of the duke of York, yet the latter, thus reinforced, was not able to reſiſt the French in their determination to paſs the Scheldt.

Notwithſtanding the French had ſet at nought the ancient military maxim of not leaving ſtrong poſts behind them in the hands of the enemy, yet they grew very impatient at not having in their poſſeſſion Valenciennes, Condé, Queſnoy, and Landrecies, which had been taken from them the year before. At

the ſame time therefore that Pichegru was ordered to prepare for beſieging Breda, came out another wild decree from the committee, ſignifying that, if the garriſons of thoſe places refuſed to ſurrender at the firſt ſummons, they ſhould not be allowed to capitulate, but every man be put to the ſword. The brave commander of Queſnoy did his duty, and by his anſwer taught a leſſon to all thoſe extravagant legiſlators who would ſet the laws of war and the rights of nations at defiance. He ſaid he ſhould act as became a ſoldier, and added, that "no nation has a right to decree the diſhonour of another nation."

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Perhaps there is no part of Pichegru's conduct which does him more honour as a general than his forecaſt and caution at this moment. The chief ſupply of bread for his army had been drawn from Liſle; and, if he had been too haſty to advance into the heaths of Dutch Brabant, his army might have been unprovided for, and the whole expedition fail.

Sufficient carriages could not be had for conveying the firſt article of life to the troops; and the horſes deſtined for that ſervice were ſo bad and ſo ill uſed, that thirty or forty were ſaid to die out of every convoy. In the above interval, therefore, eſtabliſhments for affording him theſe indiſpenſable ſupplies were formed at Ghent, Mechlin, and Antwerp. He was now enabled to ſecond the movements of the army of the Rhine in the Palatinate, and alſo thoſe of the armies of the Sambre and Meuſe.

He left Antwerp the 20th of Auguſt, and on the 24th took a poſition near Juruhout. The duke of York, appriſed of this movement, was compelled to fall back upon Bois-le-Duc, and, encamping near Heeſwick, left Breda to the ſtrength of its garriſon, the Dutch army remaining at Ramdyke.

Valenciennes and Condé falling about this time again into the hands of the French, and thereby affording an evident proof that places, however ſtrong, cannot hold out long without covering armies, Pichegru determined to run all hazards, and not beſiege Breda, but paſs it, and, purſuing the Engliſh army, oblige it to croſs the Meuſe. He therefore, on the 4th of September, took a poſition near Meerle; and while he detached a conſiderable body of cavalry to within ſight of Breda, he purſued his march to Boxtel, where he met with five or ſix thouſand men of the enemy. This poſt was naturally entrenched by the Dommel, and by a deep ditch: for the French to make an attack,

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The unexampled fatigue Pichegru had undergone, rendered it neceſſary that he ſhould have ſome repoſe. Accordingly, after announcing the capture of Bois le-Duc, the repreſentatives Bellegarde and Lacombe ſignified to the convention the neceſſity of a temporary retreat being allowed to a general who had endured the continued fatigues of two campaigns, in all which time, it was obſerved, he had never been beaten. Pichegru took up his abode at Bruſſels, and to Moreau was confided the command of his army.

The army of the north was at this time before Nimeguen; and though, from having contracted an inveterate cutaneous diſorder, which obliged him to have recourſe to baths and other remedies, he could not be a witneſs of what was going on, he did not fail regularly to correſpond with Moreau and Jourdan, and to aſſiſt them with his advice.

Only to trace, as with a pencil, the ſucceſsful courſe of the French armies at this period, bewilders the imagination, and would occaſion the reader to conſider whether what is treated of is real, or only romance. He ought, therefore, to be appriſed of the political condition of Holland at the time of the French invaſion, which, in conjunction with the circumſtance of one of the ſevereſt froſts experienced for many winters, was calculated to render Holland an eaſy conqueſt to a general leſs fortunate and leſs experienced than the one ſent againſt it.

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Hiſtorical Obſervations reſpecting Goats, and the emblematical Alluſions to which their Horns were applied by the Ancients.

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In the memoirs of Stockholm, of October, 1784, Mr. Arvid Faxe has deſcribed the following caſe; and perhaps, being written in the Swediſh language, it may come with ſome novelty to your readers.

" Oluf Olufſon, a peaſant, in the pariſh of Rænneby, in the province of Bletting, now aged forty-one, had been a ſailor in his youth, was of a ſtrong conſtitution, and had once nearly periſhed in a ſtorm. He was ſeized with fever, in June, 1771, which appeared by pains in his body, great heats, and violent head-ach; he ſoon loſt his ſpeech, and ſhortly after, his internal and external ſenſes.

" About a month afterwards, the fevers and heats abated; but he had become ſo lean during this malady, that it was difficult to diſcover in him a fleſhy fibre.—His body reſembled that of a ſkeleton covered by a ſlight ſkin.

" He remained lying on his back conſtantly, and immoveable; his hands on his breaſt, his legs ſtretched out, and his eyes generally cloſed. He paſſed eleven years in this helpleſs ſtate, till the ſummer of 1782. Except a little milk inſinuated between his lips, and ſometimes a ſpoonful of wine or brandy, and at the ſame time a pinch of ſnuff, he abſolutely took no other food. No one can recollect, during all this time, that he ever expreſſed a wiſh for food. He could paſs over four days, and ſometimes a week, without taking milk. As he had neither fleſh nor fat, this conſtant poſition did not occaſion him any ulcers in his back.

" His brother, Anders Olufſon, ſhewed every fraternal affection for him, and during theſe tedious and melancholy years, he ſought every means to reſtore him to life, (for his preſent ſtate could ſcarcely be called life,) which the moſt tender friendſhip ſuggeſted. He boiled ſome plants, with which he fomented his head frequently. Oluf appeared to recover a certain degree of ſenſation, regain a little ſtrength, and ſeemed gradually reſtored, but he gave no mark of perception nor reaſoning. He appeared in a reſtleſs ſtate, and full of alarm, in the preſence of any perſon.

" In this ſtate he remained a conſiderable time before he would ſuffer himſelf to be obſerved ſtepping out of his bed, which, therefore, he generally did in the night, or when the family were out in the fields; then would he drag himſelf to the ſpot where he could take a little milk; but frequently, by the unexpected entrance of any one, he was ſeized with great trepidations, and frequently remained ſtretched out on the ground, without the leaſt capability of motion.—At length his brother reſolved to make him quit his uſual abode, would take him out, give other nouriſhment, (though he ever preferred milk), adding ſome ſtrengthening ſubſtances, bathed his head with cold water, by a ſpring at ſome diſtance from the houſe.

Although the patient had recovered his hearing and feeling, he ſtill remained extremely feeble and meagre, without powers of articulation, and with ſcarcely any trace of reaſon: habit, however, made him capable of going himſelf to draw water from the ſpring to bathe his head.

"Twelve years had paſſed ſince the commencement of this malady; and he aſtoniſhed the village, when they ſaw him ſuddenly recover the uſe of his phyſical faculties. This happened on the 8th of Auguſt, 1783, when he returned with water, in the preſence of his brother, of his two fifters, and the ſervants, as they were preparing to dreſs for church. It was then he was ſeized with ſhiverings, tremors in his arms and legs, and ſaid, in a hurrying voice, "Lord God! this is amazing! where have I been all this time?"

"At this moment a vein in the crown of his head opened of itſelf, and there fell out about ſix drops of blood; another vein opened at the extremity of the right noſtril; another at the chin; and there ran, as if from both ears, nearly as much blood.

"Nearly about this time he alſo recovered his ſpeech, ſpoke what he wiſhed, had his perfect underſtanding, called by their names all thoſe who were in or out of the houſe, and whom he had known before his malady, and was aſtoniſhed to find them grown ſo old; but he did not recognize one of thoſe whom he had not known before his diſorder, although they had appeared daily before him during its prolonged ſtate.

"Oluf conſidered this accident as a mere dream, without knowing whether it had laſted a long or a ſhort time. But what is more remarkable is, that he did not ſeem ſenſibly to have loſt his memory during theſe twelve years, and did not recollect any thing which had paſſed during his malady.

"The people of the houſe ſeating themſelves at table for ſupper, he deſired to read the ordinary prayers and grace, and he performed it without much heſitation. Some days after, he deſired to perform his devotions, and according to the account of Dr. Henſchens, he appeared to have a perfect knowledge of the articles of his faith.

"The opening of the veins mentioned, were followed by ſlight ſcars on the crown of his head, as alſo on the noſe, and by a red ſpot on his chin; the wound in the middle remained open a longer time, and the ſcar gave the noſe an obliquity it had not before.

"When the patient had recovered the uſe of his ſpeech, he ſpoke for ſome time with precipitation; but at the preſent moment in the moſt orderly manner. His eyes appear ſomewhat diſfigured; but that ariſes from his ſquinting. In all other reſpects he is in good health, gains corpulency, and performs his daily labour.

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which was the old ſymbol of Macedon. Figures repreſenting the types of ancient countries are extremely rare; and neither bronze nor marble ſymbols of Macedon had been noticed before this, which was ſent for the inſpection of the ſociety of antiquaries. It was dug up in Aſia Minor, and was brought into this country by a poor Turk.

In ancient times Macedon, and the adjacent countries, abounded with goats, ſo much ſo that they were made the ſymbols not only of many individual towns, but the kingdom itſelf, which is the oldeſt in Europe of which we have any regular and connected hiſtory, was repreſented by a goat, with this particularity that it had but one horn.

Caranus, the firſt king of the Macedonians, commenced his reign 814 years before Chriſt. The circumſtances of his being led by goats to the city of Edeſſa, the name of which he converted into Eegæ is well worthy of remark. *(Urbem Edeſſam, ob memoriam muneris, Aegas, populum Aegeadas vocavit.)* The Cretans called the goat *caranus*, which is deduced from the Hebrew word *keren*, for a horn, or from the Greek word *keras*; "hence, (ſays Mr. Combe,) "it will appear that Caranus was ſo called in conformity with an idea of power, which was annexed to the word horn even in the earlieſt period of Macedonian hiſtory.

About three hundred years after Caranus, the Macedonians became tributary to the Perſians. This event is thus recorded on one of the pilaſters of Perſepolis: A goat is repreſented with an immenſe horn growing out of the middle of his forehead, and a man in a Perſian dreſs is ſeen by his ſide, holding the horn with his left hand, by which is ſignified the ſubjection of Macedon. A proverb in uſe at the preſent day is grounded upon this ancient practice of ſignifying conqueſt by the capture of the horns. "To take the bull by the horns," is an equivalent phraſe for "to conquer."

When Demetrius Phalereus was endeavouring to perſuade Philip to make himſelf maſter of the cities of Ithome and Acrocorinthus, as a neceſſary ſtep to the conqueſt of the Peloponneſus, he ſaid, "Having caught hold of both horns, you will poſſeſs the ox itſelf."

But the cuſtom of repreſenting the type and power of a country under the form of an horned animal, is not peculiar to Macedon: Perſia was repreſented by a ram. The king of Perſia, when at the head of his army, wore a ram's head made of gold, and ſet with precious ſtones, inſtead of a diadem.

The relation of theſe emblems to Macedon and Perſia is ſtrongly confirmed by the viſion mentioned in the eighth chapter of the prophet Daniel, which, while it explains the ſpecimens of antiquity produced by Mr. Combe, receives itſelf in return no inconſiderable ſhare of illuſtration. Nothing certainly is

more

more applicable to the overthrow of the joint empire of the Medes and Perfians by Alexander the Great, than this viſion in the book of Daniel and its ſubſequent explanation; nor at the ſame time can better authority be required for the true meaning of the ſingle-horned goat, than may be derived from the ſame authority.

It is remarkable, ſays Mr. Combe, that the goat which accompanies this paper is a ſhe-goat; but that mentioned by Daniel was a male. The variation is of little moment. The figure was probably executed in the reign of Alexander the Great, when Macedon had reached its higheſt pitch of ſplendour; for at no time can it be ſaid that the country was more productive either in arts or learning, or that its empire was more extenſive. Such a period, then, in the hiſtory of Macedon, might not have been unfitly repreſented by a female goat.

Of the uſe to which it was originally applied, nothing can be ſaid with certainty, though it was probably fixed to a military ſtandard, after the manner of the Roman eagle; this ſuppoſition is ſupported by what is related of Caranus, who ordered goats to be carried before the ſtandards of his army.

Caſe of a Perſon who during twelve Years was in a State of complete Inertia.

THE following well-authenticated caſe is of ſo remarkable, and, I imagine, of ſo ſingular a nature, that I even ſuſpect the faculty would find it difficult to give a name to it. Hiſtory has indeed recorded a curious ſtory concerning the ſeven ſleepers, who awoke after having ſlept during many years, and then returning to their native city, found themſelves ſo many ſtrangers at home. In the caſe I lay before you, you will ſee a man who, during twelve years, appears not to have exiſted; and though his eyes were open all that time, he had loſt their uſe, with the reſt of his ſenſes, till he as ſuddenly recovered the uſe of them all.

This ſingular and terrible diſorder, in which the ſoul ſuddenly loſes the full exerciſe of its faculties, has, I think, been called by phyſicians by the Greek name *katochos*. In this ſtrange diſorder the patient remains in the ſame poſition of his members in which he happens to be when all his intellectual and corporeal powers have been ſuddenly interrupted. He remains with his eyes open, but without ſeeing; he has neither perception nor hearing during this ſtate; and frequently it is only a few drops of blood which produce theſe terrible effects, unleſs they occaſion ſudden death.

In

In the memoirs of Stockholm, of October, 1784, Mr. Arvid Faxe has described the following case; and perhaps, being written in the Swedish language, it may come with some novelty to your readers.

"Oluf Olufson, a peasant, in the parish of Rænneby, in the province of Bletting, now aged forty-one, had been a sailor in his youth, was of a strong constitution, and had once nearly perished in a storm. He was seized with fever, in June, 1771, which appeared by pains in his body, great heats, and violent head-ach; he soon lost his speech, and shortly after, his internal and external senses.

"About a month afterwards, the fevers and heats abated; but he had become so lean during this malady, that it was difficult to discover in him a fleshy fibre.—His body resembled that of a skeleton covered by a slight skin.

"He remained lying on his back constantly, and immoveable; his hands on his breast, his legs stretched out, and his eyes generally closed. He passed eleven years in this helpless state, till the summer of 1782. Except a little milk insinuated between his lips, and sometimes a spoonful of wine or brandy, and at the same time a pinch of snuff, he absolutely took no other food. No one can recollect, during all this time, that he ever expressed a wish for food. He could pass over four days, and sometimes a week, without taking milk. As he had neither flesh nor fat, this constant position did not occasion him any ulcers in his back.

"His brother, Anders Olufson, shewed every fraternal affection for him, and during these tedious and melancholy years, he sought every means to restore him to life, (for his present state could scarcely be called life,) which the most tender friendship suggested. He boiled some plants, with which he fomented his head frequently. Oluf appeared to recover a certain degree of sensation, regain a little strength, and seemed gradually restored, but he gave no mark of perception nor reasoning. He appeared in a restless state, and full of alarm, in the presence of any person.

"In this state he remained a considerable time before he would suffer himself to be observed stepping out of his bed, which, therefore, he generally did in the night, or when the family were out in the fields; then would he drag himself to the spot where he could take a little milk; but frequently, by the unexpected entrance of any one, he was seized with great trepidations, and frequently remained stretched out on the ground, without the least capability of motion.—At length his brother resolved to make him quit his usual abode, would take him out, give other nourishment, (though he ever preferred milk), adding some strengthening substances, bathed his head with cold water, by a spring at some distance from the house.

Although the patient had recovered his hearing and feeling, he ſtill remained extremely feeble and meagre, without powers of articulation, and with ſcarcely any trace of reaſon: habit, however, made him capable of going himſelf to draw water from the ſpring to bathe his head.

"Twelve years had paſſed ſince the commencement of this malady; and he aſtoniſhed the village, when they ſaw him ſuddenly recover the uſe of his phyſical faculties. This happened on the 8th of Auguſt, 1783, when he returned with water, in the preſence of his brother, of his two fifers, and the ſervants, as they were preparing to dreſs for church. It was then he was ſeized with ſhiverings, tremors in his arms and legs, and ſaid, in a hurrying voice, "Lord God! this is amazing! where have I been all this time?"

"At this moment a vein in the crown of his head opened of itſelf, and there fell out about ſix drops of blood; another vein opened at the extremity of the right noſtril; another at the chin; and there ran, as if from both ears, nearly as much blood.

"Nearly about this time he alſo recovered his ſpeech, ſpoke what he wiſhed, had his perfect underſtanding, called by their names all thoſe who were in or out of the houſe, and whom he had known before his malady, and was aſtoniſhed to find them grown ſo old; but he did not recognize one of thoſe whom he had not known before his diſorder, although they had appeared daily before him during its prolonged ſtate.

"Oluf conſidered this accident as a mere dream, without knowing whether it had laſted a long or a ſhort time. But what is more remarkable is, that he did not ſeem ſenſibly to have loſt his memory during theſe twelve years, and did not recollect any thing which had paſſed during his malady.

"The people of the houſe ſeating themſelves at table for ſupper, he deſired to read the ordinary prayers and grace, and he performed it without much heſitation. Some days after, he deſired to perform his devotions, and according to the account of Dr. Henſchens, he appeared to have a perfect knowledge of the articles of his faith.

"The opening of the veins mentioned, were followed by ſlight ſcars on the crown of his head, as alſo on the noſe, and by a red ſpot on his chin; the wound in the middle remained open a longer time, and the ſcar gave the noſe an obliquity it had not before.

"When the patient had recovered the uſe of his ſpeech, he ſpoke for ſome time with precipitation; but at the preſent moment in the moſt orderly manner. His eyes appear ſomewhat diſfigured; but that ariſes from his ſquinting. In all other reſpects he is in good health, gains corpulency, and performs his daily labour.

"Scarcely had Oluf Olufson recovered his health, than I was informed of his extraordinary malady; but its singularity induced me to take the most minute and well-authenticated information ere I laid it before the royal academy. These details, therefore, are equally remarkable and true."

Such is the fact, of which we shall not probably meet with a similar case. However, the natural means by which the sudden cure was accomplished, is not so inconceivable. Hippocrates had foreseen the probability in head-pains of an analogous kind, although not followed by that state of stupor and absolute inertia.

S. S.

Narrative of the dreadful Punishment of a Murderer in Russia.

ABOUT the beginning of last winter, the public attention was much engaged by one of the most atrocious murders I ever heard of; a whole family was found massacred in their sleep, in the suburbs of Petersburgh; a man and his wife lay in bed with their heads nearly cut off; an under officty lay stretched on the floor in the same state; near the door was a boy about twelve, who probably having attempted to escape, was beheaded, and cruelly mangled; in a cradle was found a child nearly frozen to death; and upon a table in the room were seen a pack of cards, an empty brandy bottle, and a few pieces of copper.

It was about four days after the murder before this discovery was made, when his imperial majesty attended in person, and saw this horrid spectacle, frozen into one mass of ice; he threatened the police with severe consequences if the assassins were not apprehended in forty-eight hours, gave one hundred roubles for the relief of the infant, and promised one thousand for the discovery of the offenders.

By the day following one hundred and forty-seven persons were taken up, among whom was the villain who had been guilty of the crime. It appeared he was a carpenter, who had worked in the neighbourhood, and having heard that these people possessed a trifle of money, went one evening to beg a lodging, when, after having regaled them with brandy, he took an opportunity, when they were all asleep, to treat them as I have related, robbed the house of about one hundred roubles, fastened the windows, having fixed a padlock to the door, and walked off unnoticed.

I was determined to see the countenance of a man who could be guilty of so deliberate a villainy, and resolved, however uncomfortable

comfortable I might feel myſelf, to ſee him puniſhed. On the Saturday morning following, about ten o'clock, I was informed he was on his way to the place of execution. I overtook the proceſſion about a mile on this ſide: firſt came the police maſter, then a poſſe of police officers on horſeback, two and two, four ranks of foot ſoldiers twelve deep, behind the laſt rank was the murderer, on each ſide of him marched a ſoldier with a drawn ſabre, on his right and left twelve with fixed bayonets.

He was a tall, handſome young man, about twenty-ſix years of age, about ſix feet high, dreſſed in a blue coat, like a blue-coat boy; he was accompanied by two others, who were to ſuffer for forgery, with the executioner carrying the knoots tied up in canvaſs, and about ſix ranks of foot ſoldiers cloſed the rear. I walked by his ſide nearly half a mile, and examined his phyſiognomy well. If Lavater had ſeen him, I think he would have ſtaggered him a little; his countenance was open and honeſt, nor had he the appearance of wearing ſo bad a heart.

The ſtake prepared for this murderer was a ſtrong block of wood, fixed in the ground with three grooves at the top, and two rings near the bottom; the middle groove was for the neck, and the two others for the arm pits, the rings below to lock round the ancles; about the ſtake were laid coarſe ſkins, eſpecially where the knoot maſter trod, upon which lay his whips, marking-irons, pincers, &c.—An officer then read a paper to the people, ſignifying that forgery upon the imperial bank being a capital crime, and two of the priſoners being convicted of it, were condemned to receive eleven blows of the knoot, to have their noſtrils pulled out, and be baniſhed for life to Siberia; the murderer of ſo many perſons to receive three hundred and ninety-nine blows, to be branded three times in the face, have his noſtrils pulled out, and (if then alive) be baniſhed for life to the mines of Siberia.

The executioner and his aſſiſtants then ſtripped him, tied his hands acroſs, and led him to the ſpot. After fixing his ancles, they bent his neck and arms over it, and drew the rope with which his hands were tied through a ring on the oppoſite ſide, which ſeemed to ſtretch all the muſcles of the back; he then retired about four or five yards from him, and taking up one of the knoots, worked it with his hand to give it a proper elaſticity; the blow is then given as I have ſeen an aukward boy try to ſmack a whip; he walks to the ſpot with four or five ſteady ſteps, then taking a ſpring, ſtrikes a perpendicular ſtroke with a heavy, loud crack. They firſt cut him from the right ſide of the bottom of the neck to the left arm-pit: the effect was viſible in a moment, and by the violence of his ſcreams, I ſuppoſe the pain was very great; the ſecond was about half an inch below the firſt, and ſo on till twenty-five, when changing the whip, he eraſed the former wounds, ſtriking from the left ſide to the right,

afterwards quite perpendicular; they were given with the greateſt regularity, between each one might deliberately count eight, the executioner always walking to and from the ſtake.

His cries were now ſo terrible that I was forced to put my fingers in my ears, and turn my back, wiſhing to make my way out as faſt as poſſible, but it was not without the greateſt difficulty I effected it; having ſeen him receive one hundred and twenty-five. I walked ſeveral times round the ring on the outſide, and noticed the different ſpectators; all was quiet and ſilent, and the crack of the knoot was heard to a great diſtance. After three hundred his voice grew faint, and during the laſt hundred he ſhewed no ſigns of life whatever; the whole of the upper part of the back being beaten to a black mummy; after the laſt blow the aſſiſtants lifted up the face by the hair, and the executioner ſtruck him forcibly three times with an inſtrument that left the initial of murderer, throwing each time a handful of black duſt into the wound; after which, at two pulls, he tore the griſtle of his noſe, and looſened him from the block. It laſted about three quarters of an hour. Moſt people thought he had been dead ſome time; however he made a feeble attempt to put on his coat, and, as I have heard ſince, is ſufficiently recovered to be able to make ſome reparation to ſociety by working in the iron mines.

Inſtances of the dreadful Conſequences experienced by Military Men who have fallen into the Vice of Drinking to Exceſs.

[From the Military Mentor.]

EXCESSIVE drinking is not leſs dangerous or leſs diſgraceful to an officer than gaming. What reliance can be placed on him who delivers himſelf up to this vice? Would you entruſt him with a ſecret commiſſion? he will divulge it. If you detach him to an advanced poſt, where he ſhould watch over the ſecurity of the army, it is probable that he will not only loſe his own corps, but expoſe the ſafety of the whole. How can he be ſent on a foraging party, to levy contributions, to reconnoitre a country, ſurprize an important poſt or a diſtant town; to ſubdue by force of arms or perſuaſion the inhabitants of a particular canton; or to gain a march on the enemy, on which may depend the fate of a great body of troops? All theſe commiſſions require an activity, a preſence of mind, and a diſcretion, of which a man ſubject to frequent intoxication is utterly incapable.

I will not recall to your attention all thoſe numerous evils which are conſequent on exceſs of wine: thoſe combats of the

Lapithæ,

Lapithæ*, which intoxication has a thouſand times renewed; the ſacrifice of the moſt important duties to that ſleep which ſuch nocturnal orgies render neceſſary; the deſtruction of the vigour of health, the weakening the memory and the ſenſes, the brutalizing the mind, the habitual confuſion of ideas, and the loſs of honour:—ſuch are the more prominent traits of this frightful picture. The example of a commanding officer given up to this vice is generally followed by the ſubalterns; and if at any time, when invited to theſe indulgencies, they ſhould, either from inclination or complaiſance, have been led to imitate it, what recourſe can be oppoſed to the enemy who might take this very moment to attack them; and what orders can be expected from a commander, whoſe head is confuſed with the vapours of a night paſſed in ſuch exceſſes?

Hiſtory, both ancient and modern, furniſhes us numberleſs examples of the misfortunes which this vice has occaſioned; and of the diſgraceful faults which ſome of the moſt renowned generals have committed, in conſequence of yielding themſelves up to it. The Theban conſpiracy was owing to the knowledge which the citizens had of the intemperance and drunkenneſs of thoſe who commanded in the town. The conſpirators ſo exactly arranged their time as to diſpatch the unthinking governors, in the midſt of their debauch, when the total abſence of their reaſon rendered all their courage uſeleſs.

The celebrated elector, Frederic William, marching to the relief of his province, which had been invaded by the Swedes while he was uniting his troops with the emperor againſt France, reached Magdebourg with a ſpeed almoſt incredible. He cauſed the gates of this fortreſs to be immediately ſhut, and took every poſſible means to prevent the enemy from hearing of his arrival. Toward evening the army paſſed the Elbe; and advanced by private ways, on the following night, to the gates of Rathenau, which contained a Swediſh garriſon. The elector contrived to acquaint the baron de Brieſt, who was in the town, of this movement; and concerted with him privately the beſt means of ſurpriſing the Swedes. Brieſt acquitted himſelf of this difficult commiſſion with much addreſs. He gave a great ſupper to all the officers, who yielded themſelves without reſtraint to the pleaſures of the table; and while they were paſſing their time in drinking to exceſs, the elector ordered his infantry to

* The chief of the Lapithæ (a race deſcended from Apollo) aſſembled to celebrate the nuptials of one of their number. The Centaurs (a kindred people) were alſo invited to partake the feſtivity. In the courſe of the entertainment, an inſult offered by one of the Centaurs in a ſtate of intoxication, provoked the reſentment of the Lapithæ; and the offender being ſupported by his companions, the quarrel became univerſal, and ended in blows and ſlaughter.

to paſs the Havel in different boats, and to aſſail the town furiouſly on all ſides. General Daerſting, declaring himſelf to be the commander of a party of Swedes purſued by the Brandenbourgers, was the firſt that entered Rathenau. He inſtantly diſpatched the guard, and the next moment all the gates of the town were forced. The cavalry cleared the ſtreets; and the officers of the place could ſcarcely perſuade themſelves, when they awoke from their ſtupefaction, that they were the captives of a prince whom they fully thought to be then with his troops in the heart of Franconia.

During the civil wars in Poland the Ruſſians laid ſiege to Skid. The governor, Loſnowſky, under pretence of capitulating, obtained a ſuſpenſion of arms; during which he regaled the aſſailants with a profuſion of brandy and wine. When Loſnowſky ſaw that the beſiegers had drunk to ſuch an exceſs as to be incapable of defending themſelves, he made a vigorous ſally, and put them almoſt all to the ſword.

The duke of Vendome was too much addicted to the pleaſures of the table, and to the indulgence of ſleep. He performed ſome ſplendid atchievements in Italy; but it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he could be prevailed upon, on theſe occaſions, to forego his favourite gratifications; and many glorious opportunities of ſignalizing himſelf were ſuffered to ſlip by; not from the want of courage and valour, but from unwillingneſs to give up the many hours that he conſtantly paſſed in ſleep and at the table.

Drinking not only brings the greateſt dangers in its train, but it frequently urges to actions which are followed by a remorſe that accompanies the offender to his grave. It tarniſhed the luſtre even of all the victories of Alexander; who has left an indelible ſtain upon his memory by the murder which he committed in his drunkenneſs, and the remembrance of which diſtreſſed him to the laſt moment of his life:—

Clytus was one of Alexander's beſt friends; an old officer, who had fought under his father Philip, and ſignalized himſelf on many occaſions. At the battle of the Granicus, as Alexander was fighting bare-headed, and Roſaces had his arm raiſed in order to ſtrike him behind, Clytus covered the king with his ſhield, and cut off the barbarian's hand. Hellenice, his ſiſter, had nurſed Alexander; who loved her with as much tenderneſs as if ſhe had been his own mother. As the king, from all theſe conſiderations, had a very great reſpect for Clytus, he entruſted him with the government of one of the moſt important provinces of his empire, and ordered him to depart for his command on the enſuing day. In the evening Clytus was invited to an entertainment, in which the king, after drinking to exceſs, began to celebrate his own exploits; and was ſo laviſh of ſelf-commendation that he even ſhocked thoſe very perſons who

knew that what he ſpoke was in general true. Clytus, who by this time, as well as the reſt of the company, was equally intoxicated, began to relate the actions of Philip, and his wars in Greece; preferring them to all that had been done by Alexander. Though the king was extremely vexed, he nevertheleſs ſtifled his reſentment; and it is probable that he would have quite ſuppreſſed his paſſion, had Clytus ſtopped here: but the latter growing more and more talkative, as if determined to exaſperate and inſult the king, he was commanded to leave the table. "He is in the right," ſays Clytus, as he roſe up, "not to bear free-born men at his table, who can only tell him truth. He will do well to paſs his life among barbarians and ſlaves, who will pay adoration to his Perſian girdle and his white robe." Alexander, no longer able to reſtrain his rage, ſnatched a javelin from one of the guards, and would have killed Clytus on the ſpot, had not the courtiers withheld his arm, and forced Clytus, with great difficulty, out of the hall. He, however, returned the next moment by another door; ſinging, with an air of inſolence, verſes reflecting highly on the king; who, ſeeing his inſulter near him, ſtruck him dead at his feet with his javelin, crying at the ſame time, "Go now to Philip!"

As ſoon as Alexander was capable of reflecting ſeriouſly on what he had done, his crime diſplayed itſelf to him in the blackeſt and moſt dreadful light: for though Clytus had committed a great and inexcuſable fault, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that the circumſtances of the banquet extenuate, in ſome degree, the old warrior's conduct. When a king makes a ſubject his companion in a debauch, he ſeems, on ſuch an occaſion, to forget his dignity, and to permit his inferiors to forget it alſo; he gives a degree of ſanction to the liberties, familiarities, and ſudden flights, which wine commonly inſpires. A fault, committed under theſe circumſtances, is indeed ſtill a fault; but it ought never to be expiated with the blood of the offender. This Alexander had generoſity enough to acknowledge; and, at the ſame time, perceived that he had done the office of an executioner, in puniſhing, by a horrid murder, the utterer of ſome indiſcreet words, which ought to have been imputed to the effects of wine. He now threw himſelf upon his friend's body, forced out the javelin, and would have diſpatched himſelf with it, had he not been prevented by his guards. He paſſed that night and the next day in tears; ſtretched on the ground, and uttering only groans and deep ſighs.

During Alexander's ſtay in Perſepolis, he entertained his friends at a banquet, at which the gueſts drank, as uſual, to exceſs. Among the women who were admitted to it, maſked, was Tahïs the courtezan; a native of Attica, and at that time miſtreſs to Ptolemy, who was afterwards king of Egypt. About the end of the feaſt (during which ſhe had ſtudiouſly endeavoured

voured to pleaſe the king, in the moſt artful and delicate manner), ſhe ſaid, with a gay tone of voice, "that it would be matter of inexpreſſible joy to her, were ſhe permitted (maſked as ſhe was, and in order to end the entertainment nobly) to burn the magnificent palace of Xerxes, who had burnt Athens; and to ſet it on fire with her own hand! ſo that it might be ſaid, in all parts of the world, that the women who had followed Alexander in his expedition to Aſia, had taken much better vengeance on the Perſians, for the many calamities they had brought on the Greeks, than all the generals who had fought for the latter by ſea or land." All the gueſts applauded the diſcourſe; when immediately the king roſe from table (his head being crowned with flowers), and taking a torch in his hand, he advanced forward to execute this mighty exploit. The company followed him, breaking out into loud exclamations; and afterwards ſinging and dancing, they ſurrounded the palace. All the reſt of the Macedonians, at this noiſe, ran in crowds with lighted tapers, and ſet fire to every part of it. However, Alexander repented ſoon after of what he had done; and thereupon gave orders for extinguiſhing the flames, but it was too late.

Alexander, having invited ſeveral of his friends and general officers to ſupper, propoſed a crown as a reward to him who ſhould drink moſt. The victor on this occaſion was Promachus, who ſwallowed fourteen meaſures of wine, a quantity equal to eighteen or twenty pints. After receiving the prize, which was a crown worth a talent (about two hundred pounds), he ſurvived his victory but three days. Of the reſt of the gueſts, forty died of their intemperate drinking.

When this ſame prince was at Babylon, after having ſpent a whole night in carouſing, a ſecond debauch was propoſed to him. He attended accordingly, and there were twenty gueſts at table. He drank to the health of every perſon preſent, and then pledged them ſeverally. After this, calling for Hercules's-cup, which held a very great quantity, it was filled; when he completely exhauſted it, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteus by name; and afterwards pledged him again, in the ſame furious and extravagant bumper. He had no ſooner done this, than he fell upon the floor. "Here, then," ſays Seneca, (deſcribing the fatal effects of drunkenneſs), "this hero, unconquered by all the toils of prodigious marches, expoſed to the dangers of ſieges and combats, and to the moſt violent extremes of heat and cold, here he lies, ſubdued by his intemperance, and ſtruck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules!" In this condition he was ſeized with a fever, which in a few days terminated in death, when he was only thirty-two years old, of which he had reigned twelve. No one, ſay Plutarch and Arrian, then ſuſpected that Alexander had been poiſoned; the true poiſon which brought him to his end was wine, which has killed many thouſands beſides.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE affection of the parent bird for its young was ſeldom more forcibly exemplified than in the following inſtance.

A few weeks ſince a boy purloined a thruſh's neſt, near Rockcliffe, and bore his prize towards Carliſle, where he lived. The mother, who had juſt been ſeparated from her young, with unceaſing ſolicitude purſued them ſtep by ſtep; which the boy and his companion perceiving, frequently put down the neſt, when ſhe as conſtantly reſumed her place, refuſing to retire until almoſt graſped by the hand. Thus they travelled on together until, at the diſtance of five miles, the boy reached his home, and having taken the neſt into the houſe, the diſconſolate parent watched an opportunity, and ſprung in at the window: ſhe ſeated herſelf as before, and could not be driven thence.

Rules for Ladies to gueſs at the Diſpoſitions of their Huſbands.

YOU may gueſs at the ſtate or diſpoſition of the minds of people by their particular tone of voice, or manner of ſpeaking. Socrates thought there was more to be learned this way than from the face. When a gentleman ſent his ſon to Socrates, that he might be informed of his genius and diſpoſition, after he had looked at the youth ſome time, he ſaid, "Speak, my boy, that I may ſee thee."

Diogenes uſed to ſay, "That he always wondered why people were ſo exact, as never to buy a pot of earthen ware, but they would try it by the ſound of ringing of it; but when they bought a man, they thought it ſufficient to look at him."

As due medium is the beſt in many things, it is certain it is the beſt with regard to the tone of our voice. If it is not too much upon the grave or the acute, the too deep or too ſhrill, the too high or too low, it is a token of a great felicity of temper, and a great many other good qualities, which make a man not only happy himſelf, but uſeful to the world. A grave, deep, ſtrong voice, betokens boldneſs, pride, and obſtinacy; an acute, ſmall voice, denotes timidity and cowardice, and more particularly ſo, the acute remiſs voice; but the acute intenſe, or the ſtrained voice, is a ſign of indignation and anger.

A man of haſty ſpeech is generally of a vehement temper, and is extraordinary quick in every thing. A ſlow, ſoft way of ſpeaking indicates mildneſs, and proceeds from a coldneſs of temperature, by which the ſpirits are kept from all the boiſterous paſſions. A ſtammerer is generally of a fiery temper, he being too much precipitated by his ſpirits, which cauſe that confuſion and indiſtinction there is in his voice, and in the whole of his appearance.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to R. Holwell's Enigma, inſerted May 28.

A DICTIONARY will, I ween,
Diſcloſe the ſubject of your theme.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Strap, J. T. S. and William Strong, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to R. Horſey's Rebus, inſerted June 4.

TO ſolve your theme I went to work,
And found the bird you meant a STORK.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, of Exeter; Thomas Coumbe, of St. German's; and T. Rutger, of Clowance.

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to A. Kyne's Rebus, inſerted June 4.

DESCEND ſweet peace! and bleſs this favour'd iſle
With plenty crown'd; and here for ever ſmile:
Let the dire horrid din of war be o'er,
And BAYONETS be drench'd in blood no more.

‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from Strap, R. Holwell, W. Commins, and W. Strong, of Exeter; Willim Gifford, of South Petherton; R. Mudge, and W Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; J. Whittle, of Upway; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; J Channon, of Ottery; and T. Rutger, of Clowance.

A REBUS, *by J. Channon of Ottery.*

WHAT oft afflicts the human frame,
My firſt it doth compoſe;
An initial next, you'll find its name;
And laſt a ſhrub tranſpoſe:
The parts arrange, and inſtant you
What's much in uſe will bring to view.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

TO gain my firſt what numbers roam
To various diſtant nations,
Of it poſſeſs'd they ſeek their home,
To greet their kind relations.

Within the bound'ries of the wood,
Where vernal ſweets are blowing,
My next alternate ſeeks the food,
Kind nature is beſtowing.

Oft in the reign of blooming ſpring,
I take my morning ramble
To hear my whole melodious ſing,
And hear the lambkins gambol.

☞ *The piece on Bull Baiting is well meant, but ill written.*
A conſiderable number of enigmas, charades, rebuſes, &c. &c. are unavoidably omitted on account of their want of merit.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The COMPLAINT.

HOW tedious the moments appear!
My pleasures how fleeting and few!
No scenes have the power to cheer
Since Lavinia has bade them adieu.

If I stray thro' the walks of the grove,
Remembrance renews my despair,
When I think on the raptures of love
I have tasted so frequently there.

At eve to the village I fly
To blend with the mirth-loving train—
But soon for Lavinia I sigh,
And burst from their pleasures again.

Such wretchedness tortures my breast
That sleepless I constantly mourn;
Adieu then for ever to rest
'Till death—or Lavinia's return.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

An Ejaculation, written during a Thunder Storm at Midnight.

FATHER of Mercies! hear the strain
Of a lowly, earthly worm;
Let my petition be not vain
For thy protection in this storm.

Loud o'er my head thy thunders roll,
Which fill my heart with dire dismay;
But, Gracious Lord! my fears controul,
And cheer my soul with mercy's ray.

The forked lightning bright illumes
My chamber round with dismal light:
Yet Lord! amid this awful gloom
Preserve my life! preserve my sight!

How dreadful is thy mighty pow'r!
Who can withstand thy vengeance dire?
Have mercy, Lord! in this dread hour,
Avert thy wrath, or I expire.

But if thy will should deem it meet,
That I thy victim now should prove,
Then send thy angels I entreat
To bear my soul to realms above.

Where pealing anthems loud proclaim
Eternal praise to thee Most High,
Where seraphs laud thy sacred name
Thro' boundless regions of the sky.

And there among the blissful throng,
With grateful heart my voice I'll raise,
To join the choir in heavenly song,
And render everlasting praise.

London, June. J. PASCAL.

The WILD ROSE.

SWEET thorn! secluded wild-rose hail!
Of all the plain the fairest flower:
Who flies before each wanton gale,
Who droop'st beneath each dewy shower.

Do thy fresh beauties charm us best,
When thy vermillion bud is seen,
With sprinkling dews profusely drest,
Just peeping from its cap of green?

Or when thy leaves more fully blown,
With bolder charms attract the view?
When thy deep blush is softer grown,
And mingles with a whiter hue?

Why must those beauties which adorn
Each brake, be doom'd to fade so soon?
The sun that kiss'd thy flow'r at morn,
Shines on thy naked thorn at noon.

Is thy short reign, instructive flower,
A lesson for the fair, to see
How soon their charms, how soon their power
May languish in obscurity?

O! if thy fleeting sweets forewarn,
How time will ev'ry grace molest;
Thus, let me snatch thee from thy thorn,
And plant thee in Ophelia's breast!

There shall decay thy bloom await,
In spite of kind Ophelia's care:
Yet still I'm envious of thy fate,
To perish on a breast so fair.

Bath. W. H. C.

On a Proſpect of leaving my native Land.

AND muſt the hour imperious come,
When I ſhall leave my much-lov'd home,
Relief of ſtrangers to demand,
Who pray not for my native land?

How will my throbbing boſom bear,
To meet that moment of deſpair,
When the briſk gale ſhall ſweep the ſtrand,
And waft me from my native land!

O Britain! thy beloved ſhore
Theſe feet, perhaps, ſhall preſs no more;
Yet, gracious Heaven! my ſteps remand,
Again to trace my native land!

While abſent, may my parent iſle,
Be bleſt with thy approving ſmile;
And, from each treach'rous hoſtile band,
Preſerve and guard my native land!

Be Britiſh blood not idly loſt,
Nor ſink unnotic'd in the coaſt:
Stretch forth thy all avenging hand,
From ſlav'ry ſave my native land!

Deſires like theſe ſhall ſtill ariſe,
And ev'ry breeze be fill'd with ſighs,
'Till thou no more my pray'rs withſtand,
But bleſs with peace my native land!

Thus to my heart is Britain dear,
For I have friends and kindred here,
To whom, may Heaven's decree command
A ſhelter in my native land!

My ſoul would linger at the view
Of friends, who claim my laſt adieu;
But adverſe ſtars my fate command,
And force me from my native land.

Ah! then, farewell! ſhould boiſt'rous waves,
Preſent ten thouſand op'ning graves;
Still this ſhould be my laſt demand,
O bleſs with peace my native land!

1804. CLEMENTINA.

TO MEDORA.

O! ceaſe, my love, to doubt and fear;
I'll kiſs away that ſtealing tear:
No tear ſhould dim thy azure eye,
But the ſparkling tear of joy!

No ſigh ſhould heave thy heavenly breaſt,
But the ſigh that ſpeaks thee bleſt!
My ſoul from thine no power ſhall ſever:
My deareſt girl! I'll love thee ever.

Yet hold, we ne'er can ceaſe to know
And keenly feel another's woe:
But, when thou weep'ſt, I'll weep with thee,
And thou wilt mingle ſighs with me!
Thus e'en from ſorrow we ſhall ſteal
Joys the ſelfiſh never feel.
And can I ceaſe to love? O! never!
My ſoul's delight! I'll love thee ever!

I'll ſwear, if ſtill you doubt my truth,
By all the ſanguine hopes of youth,
Which gleam amid the gloom of woe,
And bliſs ideal ſtill beſtow!
By all the joys thy ſex can give,
Of which bereft we ceaſe to live!
By theſe, by theſe, we ne'er ſhall ſever!
By theſe dear hopes, I'll love thee ever!

But truſt not to a lover's oath:
('Tis like the flame that lures the moth!)
By ſtronger ties I'm bound to thee—
The magic chords of ſympathy!
I've mark'd thy wealth of intellect,
Thy power to feel and to reflect;
And can I ceaſe to love! O never!
I'll ſtill adore—I'll love thee ever!

Then ceaſe, my love, to doubt and fear;
Not life itſelf is half ſo dear;
Nor promis'd joys of Heaven above,
As thy pure boſom's heaven of love!
To me more bright thy dewy eye
Than ſun-beams in the eaſtern ſky!
'Twere worſe than death from thee to ſever!
Light of my ſoul! I'll love thee ever!

And when the tempeſt howls on high,
And lightnings cleave the lurid ſky;
Or in the more malignant ſtorm
Brooded by fiends in human form;
I'll preſs to mine thy beating heart,
And never, never ſhall we part!
My ſoul from thine no power can ſever:
My life, my all, I'll love thee ever!

EPITAPH *on an* INFANT.

ERE ſin could blight or ſorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it bloſſom there.